I she comes! with song and gice her train o'er lawn and lea! ind free her wind-blown tress, girl voice, that bird-like sings, laugh, that tireless rings those booming sounds of sport— riid queen of madeap court!

daisy chain will this gay girl
r weave to deck her dancing curl;
wreath entwine of bud or bell,
nigh both, she wots, become her well;
there to guess of joy or grief
coming of a holly leaf;
tempts not fortune's smile or frown
pulfs of dandelion down;
necklace frames of rowan gems,
fragrant, flower-wrought diadems!

No poet she to doze and dresm
Long, lazy hours by hunted stream!
If small the brook, she'll head her train,
And leap it o'er and back again;
Or if her boys will but away
She'il wade it, may be—I can't say.
Her boys—all boys—around her press
For love of her sweet winsomeness,
And dogs that bark for very glee—
A hartin sterrum company!

she's o'er the lea, she's won the wood, this dainty bud of maidenheed! those joyous peals, I trow, bespeak the gay, glad mirth of hide-and-seek, as hazel dell and brackened glade fer graceless band in turns invade little she recks of rents of shreds, but boidly breasts the bramble beds!

Tis she has bade them rig the swing,
And wood for fires unhallowed bring;
Tis she the torch illicit waves,
And leads her troops through mucky caves;
Tis she has crossed the pine trunk thin,
That, rocking, bridges yon dark linn—
With joyous cheer and wild halloo
Hounds on her host to derring-do!

Tis she has taught those nimble feet To scatter wide the windrows sweet; On fragrant hayricks led the foe, And long hours' work at once laid low, Yet Farmer Swan, who from the stile Had watched it all, ne'er ceased to smile— "God bless her purty face! She be A regular tomboy, sartinlee!"

SILAS BARCLAY'S PREFERMENT.

The Reverend Silas Barelay had reached his five-and-sixtieth year, hale, hearty and strong and was one of the best educated men in the country, but, in all world, he had not an influential

His was but a poor parish. We may judge something of the ability of his flock when it is recorded that from his curacy and the tuition of the few students who came to him for help in their studies—he prepared young men for college, and also gave instruction to young students for the ministry—from all sources he gained an income of not more than £20 per annum, upon which he went on, living the humble, useful life, giving help and happiness to those poorer than himself whenever the op-

portunity was.

One chill, rainy October evening our good old curate was in trouble. He had received a letter from Scotland, where he had an only son living, informing him that dire misfortune had befallen his boy, however, married, and with a family of his own. He had a great deal of sickness; his wife had been prostrated during the Summer, and was not yet able to be around; and altogether he was in sore distress. Oh! could not his good old father help him?

"Alas!" the old man murmured, "it "Ans." the old man nurmured, "it is very hard for poor George. Wife, is there not some way in which we can give him help? Can you think of anything we can do?"

The wife looked at him with an omi-

nous shake of the head.
"Help! Ah! who would help him more quickly than would I? But where are we to find it?"

The clergyman's countenance fell.—
He was obliged to acknowledge that he had not the money, and further that he knew not where he was to find it.

"But, dear wife, let us not borrow trouble. Never have I seen the right-eous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread! Something will come to help

Mrs. Barclay looked as though she for his willingness to find anything hopeful in their present situation; but there was something in the warm, loving, and generous light of his really happy face that withheld her from the harsh criticism which had been evidently upon her

She had opened her lips, and was up-en the point of speaking, when the tramp of a horse was heard upon the pavement at the gate; and ere long thereafter, a smart rap sounded upon the door. The clergyman took up a lighted candle and answered the sum-

The caller proved to be a Frenchman, on his way to Norwich, who had been overtaken by the storm; was wet, and cold and hungry; and knew not where to look for a public house. He did not feel that he could, with safety to his health—to say nothing of bodily comfort—travel any further in the storm.

He was a respectable-looking man.

He was a respectable-looking man, rather under-sized, and dark of complexion; and the good wife, when she saw him was afraid of him. As soon as she could gain an opportunity to speak with her husband apart, she urged him not, on any account, to ask the man to stop over night. The curate's answer te this was curious, and, when considered in the light of subsequent events, pro-

"Wife," said he, half playfully, "we've been looking for our angel all these years among our own countrymen; may it not be that the Good Father has sent him from France?"

The clergyman lighted a lantern, and went out and put the stranger's horse into his barn, and gave him hay and grain, and then came back to find the dame in the act of bestowing upon him, the stranger one of his own warm dressing-gowns. The man donned the robe cheerfully; then sat down by the fire, while the hostess made ready refreshment for him. It was an humble meal

ment for him. It was an humble meal which the clergyman's wife was able to prepare; but it was substantial and well-cooked, and there was enough of it. The visitor spoke English very well—very plainly; and the good clergyman, at length, ventured upon his slight knowledge of French, as he called it, whereupon the visitor tried to be indignant.

nant.

"My faith!" he exclaimed, "you speak my language purely and with grace. If you understand the grammar—"

"O,—that is about all I have dared to think I did understand," the host put in.
"I venture to assert that I can teach French grammar."

"Aye,—and you may henceforth claim that you can teach your pupils how to speak it."

in the course of the evening, after the supper-table had been cleared off, the Frenchman discovered an old chessboard standing against the wainscot; and he asked his host if he played

"Yes," said the clergyman. "I think

myself a good player."
"I am glad! I have found no man in
England who could beat me." The board and a box of very fine ivo-The board and a box of very line ivory pieces—a present to the curate from a former pupil—were brought forth, a small stand set out, and they went at the game. The Frenchman was an excellent chess-player; but the Rev. Silas Barclay was a better. They played from eight o'clock until almost midnight and eight o'clock until almost midnight and the guest did not win a game. One game was given up as a draw—by a false move the clergyman lost his last piece—he was telling to his antagonist the story of his life, which had been drawn from him almost without his knowledge—and in a thoughtless mo-ment, while telling of his son in Scot-land, he lost his victory: the two kings land, he lost his victory; the two kings were left alone in their glory on the board. And that finished the conflict.

Not once had the guest lost his per-fect good nature, and he was content, in the end, to acknowledge that his host was the most skillful chess-player he had

ever met. The board was set aside, after which the curate led his guest to the one nice chamber of his humble cottage and there wished him sweet sleep and pleasant

In the morning they were up early.— The storm had passed over; the sun had arisen brightly; the guest's garments were all dry, and had been brushed clean by the clergyman himself. His wife chanced to come upon him whilst he was engaged at the work, and she

could not resist the impulse to scold him for his making of himself a lackey to a strolling Frenchman. And again, laughing, the old clergyman replied, in

"I tell thee, wife, this may be our ngel. When the bright visitants come, they don't make themselves known at

After a plain but hearty breakfast, the guest's horse was brought to the door by the old clergyman himself; a warm and fervent hand-shake, a pleasant bow, and hearty thanks to the dame and the Frenchman rode away. Four days later a letter arrived at

the curate's humble cottage bearing the postmark of the Duke of Norfolk, and the broad seal upon the letter bore an armorial crest. The wondering curate opened the missive without breaking the seal and within found but a brief note. eal, and within found but a brief note, written upon paper bearing a crest, as

Rev. Silas Barclay,—I have not forgotten your generous hospitality to a wayfaring stranger a few days since, nor have I forgotten the sound drubbing you gave me at chess. I have thought much of the story you told me of your humble life, as you were pleased to call it; and since your telling that story cost you a decided victory in a single game, giving me the honor of a draw, I feel that I am your debtor. If you will kindly accept the Living of Oakham, worth £500 a year, it is open for your limmediate occupancy. If you accept, you will at once inform his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and also thank him for having given it to me for you. Trusting that you may be blessed with a long life of enjoyment in this new field, I am your friend sincerely,

"Louis Duke of Nivernals."

At first the poor clergyman could not

At first the poor clergyman could not believe it. It must be a cruel hoax.—Five hundred pounds per annum! Impossible! And then he bent his head and reflected. He remembered that the Duke of Nivernais was the French Ambassador at the English Court. It must have been he whom he had entertained. Aye—now that he came to call to mind some of the remarks that had fallen from his guest's lips, he knew he must

his grace of Norfolk happy to greet him, and happy to bestow upon him the promised living. He entered upon his new sphere of labor in earnest, and his parishioners very quickly learned to honor and to love him. So the evening of his life was tranquil and happy; and he lived long to bless the hour that brought the stranger-guest of that stormy October night to his door.

The Smallest Baby Alive.

A gentleman from Candelaria informs A gentleman from Candelaria informs us that the smallest baby in the world was born in that camp at noon on the 3d of October. The father is a miner in the employ of the Northern Belle Mine, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. The mother is a stout, healthy woman, weighing perhaps one hundred and sixty pounds. The child is a male, as perfectly formed as any human being can be, but upon its birth it only weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse-chesnut and the size of its limbs can be imagined the size of its limbs can be imagined when we say that a ring worn on the little finger of its mother was easily slipped over its foot nearly up to the knee. Our informant stated that it was the opinion of the attending physician that the child would live and prosper in good health, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions. The midget is so small that three of its size could play hide-and-seek in a cigar-box. This is believed to be the smallest baby ever known.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal. known. -- Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

Pity the Poor Girls.

When a young man kisses his girl good-night about 1:30 a.m. he may good-night about 1:30 a. m. he may have nearly a mile to walk before reaching him home, and he envies his girl, who he supposes jumps into bed and is fast asleep ten minutes after he leaves the house. He doesn't know that she must first fish seventy-nine hair-pins out of her head, one at a time, and twist her hair up into bits of paper so that it will crimp nicely next day, and that he is in bed snoring before she turns off the gas. If he was aware of this fact, perhaps he would leave earlier.

A literary man, who had recently published a book, was observed to be very downcast. "What is the matter?" asked a friend. "You look all broke up." "No wonder," was the answer. "I've inst been blown up by a magazine." was left for Dr. Swayne, whose Ointment for skin diseases is as infallible in its results, as were the inspiring potency of Patrick Henry's memorable words "Give me liberty or give inst death."

Women as Hotel Clerks.

A woman is, in almost all cases, a pretty formidable creature to affront, pretty formidable creature to alront, and particularly so when she is not only well dressed and tolerably young and good looking, but clad in some kind of authority. I suppose (says a correspondent of the Hartford Courant, writing from Chester, England) that may be one reason why men are unwilling to be one reason why men are unwilling to concede to women their "rights" -there would be no such thing as equality. Except those brutal persons who would not scruple to disregard all distinctions of sex in their use of physical force, the men would infallibly go to the wall. One can not haggle for a penny or main-tain any small controversies with a neatly-clad, sweet-voiced, and comely woman, unless she happens to be his wife. We know the dignity, yes, the almost inaccessible divinity in which many a hotel clerk of the masculine gender dwells. With what charming gender dwells. With what charming inattention he pretends not to notice you! With what lofty condescension he briefly replies to your trembing question! With what serene indifference he beholds your confusion of face before his dread majesty! But here in Frederick the head charming the serious serious confusion of the production of the production of the serious serious confusion of the production of the serious serious confusion of the serious seriou England the hotel clerk is a woman, and usually a very bright, smart, neat and comely person. She moves within the ramparts of her snug office bidding defiance to all forms and forces of invasion. She is in authority there, and looks out on you through an embrasure of herfortification with a serene haughtiness which is equally exasperating and overwhelming. In vain one touches his hat and tries the arts of politeness and cajolery. He might as well perform before one of Mme. Tussaud's wax women. Few and short are the answers given. You are made to feel that you are very wearisome if you persist in are very wearisome if you persist in trying to get a little necessary know-ledge. You are snubbed unmercifully if you offer any suggestions touching your personal convenience. You are your personal convenience. You are commended to the porter and to "Boots" as being quite good enough for such as you. If it were a man, you might pluck up spirit to unwisely resent such treatment and "jaw back," as the rustic found it was his privilege to do in the Episcopal service, but one can not get quite to that in the case of a woman, and so he retires to plume his ruffled and so he retires to plume his ruflled feathers in secret, and to purchase six-penny worth of various information from chambermaids and porters. These female hotel clerks are the avengers of their sex. And they enjoy their office. I wonder if women ever tremble and cower so before the pride and haughti-ness of men? It can hardly be.

The Chagrined Hunter.

A young man residing at Oldtown shot a large coot a few days since, and resolved to use it for the purpose of perpetrating a joke on a friend of his who is in the habit of telling some very large stories about his gunning expeditions. So, skinning the coot, he procured a decoy duck, over which he placed the skin, and set it affoat in a pond near at hand. He found that it thested admirably and had every an floated admirably and had every ap-pearance of life. He then sent a mesenger to his friend with the news that senger to his friend with the news that a large wild duck was swimming in the pond. The wag then fastened a long line of twine to the decoy, and, retaining one end in his hand, hid himself in the bushes by the edge of the pond to await developments. The "lend talking" gunner, as soon as he heard the news, armed himself and started for the scene. On arriving he saw the duck floating leisurely about in the center of the pond, presenting an excellent the pond, presenting an excellent chance for a shot. With a smile of as-surance on his lips, he raised his gun, took aim and fired. When the smoke be the man.

"Ho! wife! Now what think ye?—
Said I not our angel would come from France?"

"You had better be sure that the living is to be yours, first," she retorted. But she was happy, nevertheless; and she was very, very thankful that she had not suffered the stranger-guest to witness her coldness on the occasion of his visit.

Our good curate—a rector now—found by grace of Norfolk hanny to grace. Of Norfolk hanny to grace of Norfolk hanny to grace of Norfolk hanny to grace. firing again, he rushed around the edge of the pond and, on arriving at the clump of bushes, found instead of a duck-a living man busily engaged in stripping a wooden decoy of a torn and riddled coot skin. The "crack marksman" of Oldtown saw through the whole thing in an instant, and the way he turned tail and ran from the scene would have astonished a Sioux Indian. -Newburyport Herald.

Hatching a Crocodile on the Mantel. About six months ago Charles Addington, of Sacramento, Cal., son of Mrs. W. H. Coker, of Auburn, carried home a bunch of bananas. Among the bananas he found a small egg, about the size of that of a canary. His wife took the egg and put it in a small cover-ed toy dish on the mantelpiece. Dur-ing fair week Mr. Addiagton's sister went down from Auburn, and while in her brother's house very naturally in-spected the toys and ornaments in sight. She lifted the lid of the said little dish, but dropping it, with a scream that at-tracted the household, jumped back and tremblingly wanted to know what kind of an animal they had in that dish. "None," they all insisted. After due argument and not a little amusement at what was believed the sister's imagination, the lid was carefully raised, and sure enough out jumped an animal. In the excitement of the moment Mr. Addington put his foot on it and killed it. It was of the crocodile species, from four to five inches in length, and it had been hatched from the little egg put there some six months previ-

ees of the egg shell still remained Pieces of the egg shell still remained in the dish, but some bird seed that was in the dish when the egg was put there had all been consumed, and on this alone had the animal subsisted. As a case of self-incubation and suspended animation this would afford interest to the scientists.—Placer Herald. A POWEREUL CONTRAST.

When the soldiers of the dark ages were attacked with tetter, they could do nothing but suffer. Medical science had not yet developed a cure. This labor of love and humane duty

They Were Determined to Get Married. There is no use in trying to stop two "loving hearts" when they make up their minds to explore the mysteries of matrimony. The following are copies of letters which saw the light in a recent law proceeding in which a parent desired to "bust" a marriage. They are given verbatim et literatim:

given verbatim et literatim:

Barnesville Gà Aug the 21-Mr M-dear fried i will take the Pleasure of riting you a few lines to let you know that I am well at this time present and I hope these few lines will find you the same darling, what you and I was talking about last night, she is willing to commit to nothing that I said darling loss we go on and married and do the best that we can darling. Go this week and get Liseus and next week let us marie Hunnle, I am willing to go anywhere and marie you for Hove you and god nose it darling right me to morrow eff you please for I am Bothered to death about something I do no know what.

The REPLY. THE REPLY.

Sister arrie sais wee ought to go right on and Brother Gairy sais so too that it is no harm he sais so I mean what I say about this thing So I wish that you would right Back to me to morrow and let me now what you mean to do about it I think myself we ought to go and do what we are going to do and bee done with it. I am tired of being bused By the religious weming and men too. Well I guess I had better close looking for answer soon Mother says she is never going to Consent to give me up so we will marie next thursday night without fail.

Wright me word what dous you think about it and I will tell you where we will go to marie at.

Love is Hard and Love is True, Still i can't Love now one but you, Your friend M—G— -Barnesville (Ga.) Gazette.

Matthew Arnold has discovered that the great want of the French is morality, of the Germans, civil courage, and of the English, lucidity.

Price Reduced. Anticipating the removal of the Stamp Tax at no distant day, the Magnetic Medicine Co., of Detroit, as will be seen by their new advertisement that appears in to-day's paper, have reduced the price of their medicine from one dollar per package to fifty cents, and when twelve packages are ordered at one time, and five dollars paid for the same, they issue a written guarantee agreeing to refund the money if the full course of treatment fails to effect a cure. We have no doubt the Magnetic Medicine will have a large sale in every section of the country, as few medicines are sold at as low a price, and what is especially in its favor is the guarantee of its effecting a cure. The medicine is sold at all Drug Stores, everywhere. Guarantees are issued in Owosso and county by all druggists.

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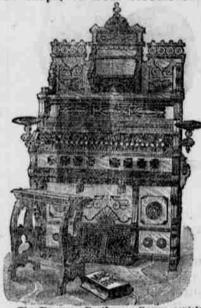
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discovered, are hort in Dr. Kennedy's possession.
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The stones of man, and it is a fact that
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The most slarning fact, in our sanitary conditions, is the prevalence of MAEARIAL POISON not only in marshy, low-lying districts, but in the cities and upon elevated ground where, a few years since, it was unheard of. Frequently fatal disorders of the digestive functions, wasted and enfeebled body and even insanity are the dire effects of malarial poisoning, the sure precursors of death if the poison is not neutralized. The boatman on the Del Administration of the adjoining country, have been great sufferers from MALARIA. Not until a few years pasted they find a reliable remedy. Now thousands testify that there is but one real and speedy cure for malarial poisoning and that is DR. KENNEDYS "FAVOR-ITE REMEDY," which by its action upon the blood purifies it and restores a healthy tone to the entire system. As a preventive in localities where this danger lurks, it is finvaluable. The "Favorite Remedy" also cures the worst liver and kidney compalints and all diseases caused by vitiated blood, for sale by all druggists, price \$1.00 per bottle. It is an absolutely safe, purely vegetable remedy, the greatest alterative medicine in the world. Address the proprietor, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

A CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.

For Old and Young, Male and Female.

Magnetic medicine: a livatinal and Never Food! Positively Cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Norvous Debility, Leucour Honorous, Norvous Debility, Leucour Honorous, Strenness; and for all (MEFORE) Weakness of the Generative Or (ANTER) gans in either sex it is an Unfalling and Positive Cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. Set With each order for twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our Guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Full particulars in Pamphlet, which we mail froe to any address. Sold by all Druggists, ene package 50 cts; Six for \$2.50\$, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing the Magnetic Medicine Co., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Owesso and Corunna by all Druggists.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility. Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send froe to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which be was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

41-y1 JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., N. Y.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the recipe for a simple Vogetable Balm that will remove Tan, Frekles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a baid head or smooth face. Address, inclosing action, Stamp, BEN, VANDELF & Co., IZ Barclay, St., Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, free of charge, with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for coughs, colds, consumption, sethma, broachitis, etc. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address Rev. E. A. Wilson, 184 Penn St. Williamsburg, N. V.